The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Early next Thursday morning must prouide,
To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.
Iul: Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,
He shall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.
Are these the newes you had to tell me of?
Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie
yet.
And when I doo, it shalbe rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth: Here comes your Father, you may tell him so,
Capo: Why how now, euermore showring?
In one little bodie thou resemblest a sea, a barke, a storme:
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,
And tost with sighes arising from thy hart:
Will without succour shipwracke presently.
But heare you Wife, what haue you sounded her, what saies
she to it?
Moth: I haue, but she will none she thankes ye:
VVould God that she were married to her graue.
Capo: What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth
she not wexe proud?
Iul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.
Capo: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud. VVhats here, chop logicke.
Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes,
But settle your fine ioynts on Thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.

Out

Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.
Iu: Good father heare me speake?

She kneeles downe.

Cap: I tell thee what, eyther resolue on thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:
Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.
Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest
That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a crosse in hauing her.
Nur: Mary God in heauen blesse her my Lord,
You are too blame to rate her so.
Cap. And why my Lady wisedome? hold your tung,
Good prudence smatter with your gossips, goe.
Nur: Why my Lord I speake no treason.
Cap: Oh goddegodden.
Vtter your grauity ouer a gossips boule,
For heere we need it not.
Mo: My Lord ye are too hotte.
Cap: Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht,
And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuft as they say with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde wish a man:
And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon
mee?
But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you,
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me,
Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vse to iest.